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Here the author provides:

- The Variety of Season's according to LOVE ...
- The Types of Season's love according to the Romantic Atmosphere.

SEASON'S LOVE!

By:

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Dedicated This Journal to My Lord Krishna (Godhead)



Image of God Krishna with his consort Smt. Radharani at Vaktivedanta Manor, (Iskcon Temple) London, England.

Summer

Let us go into the fields, my beloved, for the time of harvest approaches, and the sun's eyes are ripening the grain. Let us tend the fruit of the earth, as the spirit nourishes the grains of joy from the seeds of Love, sowed deep in our hearts. Let us fill our bins with the products of nature, as life fills so abundantly the domain of our hearts with her endless bounty. Let us make the flowers our bed, and the sky our blanket, and rest our heads together upon pillows of soft hay. Let us relax after the day's toil, and listen to the provoking murmur of the brook.

Autumn

Let us go and gather grapes in the vineyard for the winepress, and keep the wine in old vases, as the spirit keeps Knowledge of the ages in eternal vessels.

Let us return to our dwelling, for the wind has caused the yellow leaves to fall and shroud the withering flowers that whisper elegy to summer. Come home, my eternal sweetheart, for the birds have made pilgrimage to warmth and lest the chilled prairies suffering pangs of solitude. The jasmine and myrtle have no more tears.

Let us retreat, for the tired brook has ceased its song; and the bubble some springs are drained of their copious weeping; and their cautious old hills have stored away their colorful garments.

Come, my beloved; Nature is justly weary and is bidding her enthusiasm farewell with quiet and contented melody.

Winter

Come close to me, oh companion of my full life; Come close to me and let not winter's touch enter between us. Sit by me before the hearth, for fire is the only fruit of winter.

Speak to me of the glory of your heart, for that is greater than the shrieking elements beyond our door.

Bind the door and seal the transoms, for the angry countenance of the heaven depresses my spirit, and the face of our snow-laden fields makes my soul cry.

Feed the lamp with oil and let it not dim, and place it by you, so I can read with tears what your life with me has written upon your face. Bring autumn's wine. Let us drink and sing the song of remembrance to spring's carefree sowing, And Summer's watchful tending, and autumn's reward in harvest.

Come close to me, oh beloved of my soul; the fire is cooling and fleeing under the ashes. Embrace me, for I fear loneliness; the lamp is dim, and the wine which we pressed is closing our eyes. Let us look upon each other before they are shut.

Find me with your arms and embrace me; Let slumber then embrace our souls as one. Kiss me, my beloved, for winter has stolen all but our moving lips. You are close by me, my Forever. How deep and wide will be the ocean of Slumber, and how recent was the dawn!

Spring

Come, my beloved; let us walk amidst the knolls, for the snow is water, and life is alive from its slumber and is roaming the hills and valleys. Let us follow the footprints of spring into the distant fields, and mount the hilltops to draw inspiration high above the cool green plains.

Dawn of Spring has unfolded her winter-kept garment and placed it on the peach and citrus trees; and they appear as brides in the ceremonial custom of the Night of Kedre.

The sprigs of grapevine embrace each other like sweethearts, and the brooks burst out in dance between the rocks, repeating the song of joy; and the flowers bud suddenly from the heart of nature, like foam from the rich heart of the sea.

Come, my beloved; let us drink the last of winter's tears from the cupped lilies, and soothe our spirits with the shower of notes from the birds, And wander in exhilaration through the intoxicating breeze.

Let us sit by that rock, where violets hide; Let us pursue their exchange of the sweetness of kisses.

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